



THE
Unfortunate Swain.

A new Song

DOwn in a meadow fair and gay,
Plucking a rose the other day,
Plucking a rose both red and blue,
I little thought what Love could do.

Where love's planted there it grows,
It buds and blossoms like a rose,
And has so sweet and pleasant smell,
No flower on earth can it excell.

Must I be bound that can go free,
Must I love one that loves not me?
Why should I act such a childish part,
To love a girl that will break my heart?

If there's a thousand in the room,
My true love has the highest bloom
Sure she is some chosen one,
I will have her, or I'll have none.

I spy'd a ship sailing in the deep,
She sail'd as deep as she could swim;
But not deep as in love I am,
I care not whether I sink or swim,

I set my foot against an oak,
I thought it had been a tree;
But first it bent and then it broke,
And so did my true love to me.

I put my hand into a bush,
Thinking the sweetest rose to find;
I prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest rose behind.

If roses are such prickly flowers,
They should be gathered while they're
green,
And he that loves an unkind maid,
I am sure he strives against the stream.

When my love is dead and at her rest,
I'll think of her whom I love best;
To wrap her up in linnen strong,
I'll think of her when dead and gone.

